



# Alone in the World



👁 126 ✓ 2 ★ 8

## Chapter 1 by Andro1d

The stars shone bright as Scarlet hid in the tall grass. It was a cloudless night, and the moon was radiantly full, giving her a clear view on the trap she had set. Her stomach rumbled. Damnit, she thought, I need to eat something soon!

She heard noise coming from the bushes twenty feet in front of her. A boar appeared, brown and hairy. The animal casually approached the food on the ground, paused, and, as if deciding there was nothing suspicious about the food, began to devour the offering.

There came a loud BANG!, and the pig squealed as it tried to run away. It didn't make it far, and Scarlet followed the blood until she found the lifeless body. She kneeled and took out her tools from the worn leather bag and got to work.

A few hours later she layed on the grass with a full stomach. The stars shined beautifully. Her thoughts drifted. Finally, she said, "How many years since the Plague killed everyone? I'm sick of being alone. Will I ever see another person again?" After years of solitude, talking to herself was the only way she knew to stay sane.

Chapter 2 by Saint Savala

Of course, considering that she had already well and thoroughly shot,

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She groaned when stomach yelled in protest. These hallucinations had been getting worse by the day - not that those were a valid form of measurement in the wastelands. If there was one thing that she could thank the Plague for, it was its rich lesson in philosophy. That didn't exactly make her losing her mind any better, but let it not be said of Scarlet that she wasn't living in a somewhat mutual relationship with the virus that had killed all she held dear, and then some.

A tumbleweed floated by on airless wind. She sighed. It was a far cry from a salad bar, but it would have to do.

### Chapter 3 by adware



Of course her luck could barely have gotten more rotten-- tumbleweeds are the only prey of the vegetative world that actually makes a run for it from predators such as herself.

She must have chased it eight miles before it finally settled in a windless desert landscape. She approached carefully, her stomach bawling, her eyes the utensils for the maw of her mind. But what was that little awful thing doing inside the tumbleweed?

She rubbed her eyes, but it was still there. Riding in the center of the sperical bramble, like the vile nucleus of an especially objectionable atom, was the dreaded virus.

It rolled the tumbleweed to face her, steeping its fingers and reveling in her confusion and fear.

"Scarlet, baby. It's been too long."

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